Articles on Home

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 17. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, March 28, 1912. Number 51.

We gladly publish the following Poem from the pen of Judd Mortimer Lewis a Texas Poet of no small renown, and this piece of work is worthy of Whitcomb Riley or Eugene Eield.

May this pathetic singer live long to touch our hearts with songs of pathos and power. We want some more like this

THE OLD WASH PLACE.

She was such a little mother, so absurdly young, that while
Tear are trembling on my lashes at her memory I smile.
At the very youngness of her; just a little girl she seems,
Smiling at me from the distance, singing to me in my dreams
Lullabies we all remember; but I mostly see her face
Smiling through the clouds of steam that almost hide the old wash place.

Sometimes in my dreams a dogwood blossom glimmers in her hair,
And I hear a redbird whistle, and the dream is free from care—
Then a man comes in the picture like a dream, and goes away,
Waving to the little mother from the ranks of men in grey;
And from then the dogwood blossoms never glimmer any more,
And the redbird sings no longer 'round the old wash place of yore.

Three of us—and just the little bit o, mother to the brood!
Singing while her heart was breaking in the woodland solitude
With the homely tubs and kettle and the soap gourd and the stick—
The old battling stick! The memory catches at my throat so quick
That I Scarce can choke the sob back, at the picture of the face
Smiling bravly from the distance though the steam of the old wash place.

Yes. I carried the water for her, while the baby went to sleep
With the songs that sister sung her where the wash lay in a heap,
And I sought dry sticks and piled them 'neath the kettle—all my joy
In the dreams that come back to me is that I was born a boy,
And could help the little mother, and was glad to help her, too
In the tasks about the wash place where there was so much to do.

Can wee babies understand it—when a heart's about to break?
We were babies, but we seem to know, somehow, for mother's sake
We must help to bear a burden which we could not comprehend,
And our puny arms about her seemed to stregthen her and lend
Her a strength no little bit o' mother could have got elsewhere,
As she toiled about the wash, place with her heart bowed down with care.

Some days tasks seemed overdreary, and the hours seemed over long——
But she'd catch our eyes upon her and would tremble into song,
But the world of heartbreak throbbing through the conterfeited joy
Somehow would play on the heartstrings of the little girl and boy
And the little baby sister, and we'd snuggle face to face,
Heart to heart, her arms about us, kneeling at the old wash place.

Then one morning came a message--came in with the morning's gleam—
How it came is lost or hidden in the shadows of the dream,
But with it hope went out from her, and she seemed to hark no more
For a voice across the distance, for a footstep at the door;
And she kneeled there in the wash place, kneeled with sister girl and me,
And I know now that that moment was her soul's Gethsemane!

Then the washings came more often, there were other heaps of clothes;
Day by day the clouds of sudsy steam from the old kettle rose,
Day by day her love grew stronger—in the worry and the smart
Of her heartache she would rush to and would clasp us to her heart,
And she'd strive to coax her lips to curve into a snach of song—
But the wash place called and called her, and its tasks were hard and long,

Not long since I heard a woman say, in sneering tones and low:
"Huh! his mother did our washing, my own mother told me so!"
Whiter than the dogwood blossom—sweeter than it e'er could be—
Shone the truth of that vile whisper, for she did it all for me,
And for sister girl and baby! Oh, the whisper—it was base!
But a soul was born to heaven from that lowly old wash place.

Why, it doesn't seem that mother was quiet grown up when she died!
Such a little bit o' mother! Oh, the years are long and wlde
Since she went away and left us, with the old smile on her face,
Leaving us but just a memory of the homely old wash place;
I know father beckoned to her—by the look that overcast
Her sweet face— but we still miss her, shall as long as life shall last.

A WANDEDING BIRD.

By EVELYN ORCHARD

"We'll have to let her go, father," said Mrs. Lester, in a quiet, steady voice. "I've seen it coming for ever so long."

"But I don't see why we should, Mary," answered the husband, with an air of rebellion which indicated that the subject under discussion was intensely distasteful to him. "After all, it's a girl's first duty to stop at home and look after her parents, but especially her mother when she's the only one. I wonder to hear you! Ruth's place, for sure, is at home, here, in this house. There are heaps of other girls whose folks don't need them. Let them go and nurse the sick folk. We need our Ruth at home."

He spoke with that air of finality with which he had been accustomed to settle most of his affairs, both domestic and otherwise. He looked dipleased, because he felt so, and his voice had a harsher ring than was usual in the house, though Lester, as a master in a small way, was rather feared for his use of the tongue, Perhaps that was why Ruth had empowered her mother to speak for her, and smooth the way for her little excursion into the unknown. What should we do without these mothers, oiling with their blessed ministry the whole machinery of life? It is certain that, bereft of it, life would be a long tragedy for the majority. For they engineer stupendous crises and secure great victories beside which the achievements of the ordinary battlefield would pale ingloriously.

Mr. and Mrs Lester sat in their back parlour at the close of an October day. Lester was a builder in a small way of business and they lived in a cottage that had been enlarged, standing in one corner of the yard where he kept all his builder's plant. They were not poor people, but they had to be careful, and they were both perfectly awere that they were not really so well off, nor quite so easy in their minds, as when Lester had been foreman at a large yard on the other side of the canal. They lived at Crayling, a small oldfashioned residential town about forty miles from London. Lester, a trifle quarrelsome and masterful in his disposition, had always set his heart on being his own master, and assisted by his thrifty wife, had managed to save enough by the time he was forty to embark on a modest enterprise of his own. He was a faithful, conscientious workman, and those who employed him never had to find fault with the value he gave, but he had not the initiative faculties necessary to the conduct of a big business. And, moreover he was insufficiently educated. Their one daughter, well educated at the secondary school of the town, had not only been invaluable to her mother in the house, but had kept her father's books, and been other-wise of great use to him in his business. Small wonder, then that he contemplated with dismay the prospect of losing her for a silly whim he could not understand and had no patience with.

"That's all very true, father, and I've pointed it out to Ruth as far back as a year ago, when she began to speak about it first. The child is tired of home. She's so discontented that we don't get the good of her, and she's fretting herself thin over it. She's made the most of her arrangements, and they're willing to take her into one of the big hospitals after Dr. Lidgett has examined her and the Rector given her a certificate of character."

"When did she do all this, Mary, and why wasn't I told?"

"Well, she wanted to make sure of getting in before she spoke to you at all. Yes, I knew about it, at least partly. I'm all the time beside Ruth, John, and I can see most of the things passing in her mind."

"Then it was your duty to have told me, mother. I might have done something to stop it if I'd known in time."

She slightly shook her head.

"It wouldn't have made any difference. After all, she's of age, and can please herself and she's been a good girl to us, John and I don't want you to make a fuss over this or be cross with Ruth. She's gone out this evening because I said I would tell you. She's sensitive a bit, and it isn't any use of hurting folks more than we need, is it?"

"Sometimes folk need to be talked to for their good," answered Lester grimly. "But what I want to know is how you're going to manage. You're not so strong as you was, Mary. Then there's the books. It is likely a man who's put in a long day's work what I calls real work, has the heart to sit down to books of an evening when he should be resting?"

"No, I've thought of all that, John. We'll ask my cousin, Georgie Baines, to come and live with us. She's too old for the new-fangled methods of teaching now, but she's a hale, hearty woman yet. She's tired of living by herself, and I've spoken to her about it already. She'd be glad to come and help with the housework and do all your books. And she'd be glad of a home. She's lived long enough in lodgings to appreciate it."

When her husband made no answer she looked at him anxiously.

"You like Georgie, John? Indeed, I've never seen anybody who could make you laugh so heartily as Georgie."

"Oh, I've no fault to Georgie Banes, but I don't think I've been treated fair about this. When big changes are being made in a house, why, then the master should be consulted about it. That's what I think."

Mrs. Lester merely smiled a little, knowing that her point was won. They talked further about it; then Lester said he had an appointment at the workman's club, and would go out for an hour. As he left the house he met Ruth returning. She was a girl of good figure, with a pleasant, open face, and keen, steady grey eyes, but she looked older than her years. She shot a rather anxious glance at her father's face, as he stopped directly id front of her.

"So your father's house isn't good enough any longer for you, my lass," he said grimly. "What ails you at it?"

"Oh, nothing, father," she answered breathlessly. "Only I cant live and die in Crayling. I must go out and see a bit of something, and learn how to take care of myself."

"Very well, my dear, if that's your view, you may go, but maybe you will find there ain't much difference between the big world and the little one. The folk are the same in 'em both, and you wont find them to be as kind as your own. I am disappointed in you, Ruth, and I don't think you've done as you should do by your mother."

Having unburdened himself, Lester took himself off, and Ruth, considerably relieved at having got off so easily, positively ran to the house to overflow with gratitude to her mother. During the few weeks remaining for her at home, Ruth was exemplary in her behaviour. and and most attentive to all the wishes of her parents. Also there was a brightness about her which seemed to take several years off her age. She did not spare herself in these weeks. She did a very thorough spring-clean of the whole house, and left it in the most perfect order for the advent of her successor, Georgina Baines, who had accepted her cousin's offer greatefully. She had to come from Leeds, and only arrived on the day of Ruth's departure, so that they did not meet. Georgina Baines was a bright, strong, middle-aged spinster, who had been knocking about the world for more than twenty years. She had never been properly qualiged as a teacher, and so had been obliged to accept low-salaried posts. But her cheerfulness had never failed, people had always liked her, and she had even managed to save a little nest egg for her old age. The Lesters' offer came at a moment most opportune, when she had no alternative but to break on that little nest-egg for her actual maintenance. She had fitted at once and with surprising skill into Ruth's niche. Nothing came amiss to her. She was physically strong, and it was no hardship for her to get up to the fires of a morning, and she was so sweet with Mrs. Lester, whose health was indifferent, making her stay in bed till her breakfast went up to her. Then she was invaluable to Lester in his business. She was as methodical as industrious, and he had never to remind her of the smallest duty left undone. She had such pretty ways too, was careful about her hands and her dress, and she began to refine the whole household ways, and the little trio were so happy together that Lester had very few evenings to spare for the club. She taught him the game of patience, and played bezique or draughts with him, while Mary Lester, delighted with the success of her little experiment, smiled upon them from the background. Ruth's letters glowing at first, soon began to strike another note. She did not say much, for the proud spirit of her would not let her admit how hard and disappointing she found the treadmill of the work in the big hospital, where she was merely one of the most insignificant parts of a huge machine. It was quite a month before she had a day off to come down and see them at Crayling. When she came into the house, both her mother and Georgie exclaimed at the paleness of her looks, and said she had grown thin. But she was dispirted too, though she simply said she was getting on quite well. She had very little to say about her work, however, and when she went away to catch the seven o'clock train at night, her eyes were full of tears. Lester, now completely

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ROCKEFELLER COMMISSION

FOR HOOKWORM DISEASE.

The Rockefeller Sanitary Commission has just issued its second annual report. This report shows that in the fight against hookworm disease in nine states for the year 1911 the Commision has expended $148,407,14 (of this amount $18,621.06 came to North Cerolina). The States themselves have expended $30,-388.73. (North Carolina $9,300.-00). There have been treated during the year in these nine States 140,378 persons, (N. C. being credited with 45,881 of them). This means that for every $1.05 (in North Carolina 40 cents) or for every $1.27 (in N. C, 60 cents) expended by the Commission and the State, a human being has been benefitted in health and better scale of living.

These organizations have by preliminary survey demonstrated the presence of the infection in 719 of the 884 counties in ten States, (in N. C. infection in 99 of the 100 counties); have completed the definite infection survey in 87 counties in nine States, (21 of these are in North Carolina); and for this survey have examined microscopically 37,267 (in N. C. 11,267) rural children from 6 to 18 years of age; have completed the definite sanitary survey in 125 counties (of these 44 are in North Carolina) and have inspected 43,448 rural homes (13,182 of them being in N. C.).

In nine States 85 counties (27 in N. C.) have appropriated from county funds for the local expenses for the county dispensaries for the free treatment of hookworm disease $10,799.60 (in N. C. $4,300.00 from the 17 counties where the dispensary work was complete. This does not include the appropriations of something over $2,000.00 from ten counties then on the waiting list); and at these dispensaries 74,005 persons have been treated (29,172 of them being in North Carolina).

MODERN POLITENESS.

Hygienic Courtesy in Coughing, Spitting and Sneezing, Spit if You Must, But Spit Politely.

"No spit, no consumption," is literally true. Ninety-five per cent of our consumption comes from careless spitting, coughing and sneezing. Spit is frequently laden with deadly disease germe—particularly from consumptives.

Now when one coughs, spits or sneezes, a great mhltitude of tiny drops of spittal are violently expelled from the mouth and nose. The largest of these drops can be readily seen. A large number of smaller droplets can be found if a mirror or piece of glass is held before the face when coughing or sneezing. A tremendous quality of still smaller droplets are discharged in the form of an invisible spray or mist, which floats about in the air for some time.

How Far Can You Spit

Scientists have found that a man can cough, spit or sneeze in a large hall or room where the air is quiet and these tiny, invisible germ-laden droplets will float in the air for a distance of 25 to 100 feet. These tiny droplets, in the form of mist or spray, may be breathed by other people or they may settle on objects with which we come into intimate contact, such as our food and clothes. Viewed in this light, such conduct is at least impolite. Furthermore it is dangerous to the public at large to have careless people actually coughing, sneezing and spitting germ laden matter into their faces even if it is invisible and in the form of fine mist.

Unfortunately it will be a long time before we obey the old saw, "DON'T SPIT." In the meantime we must make the best of the situation and learn.

How To Spit.

When coughing or sneezing, if a handkerchief is held up before the face the fine spray or mist is coughed into the handkerchief and prevented from coming into contact with others. When spitting is necessary, do not spit where it will later become dried and stirred up in the form of germ-laden dust. Such dust may later enter the lungs of another and produce disease, or settle on food or clothing. Spit in a cuspidor, in the gutter, into runnning water, or into the fire. Never spit in a pathway or in a dark corner. Disease germs live for many months in a dark place. Spit in the sunshine, as bright sunlight will kill the germs in a few hours. Consumptives should spit in paper napkins or into sputa cups when cuspidors, etc, are not accessible. Whenever possible, avoid coughing, spitting and sneezing in the presence of others. It is more polite and far more hygienic.

THE MASSING of THE MASSES.

We give in this issue the first section of an article by Sir Robertson Nicholl of "The British Weekly" on "The Massing of the Masses." We will follow with the remainder of this article in our next issue for we do not know where we can get a more thoughtful article than this, upon the great upheaval of the toilers of the world, in their effort to better their wages and their condition.

Let us look around us as calmly as we may. The week has been black with suffering, with menace and fear. The shadow of famine lies over the land. We cannot wonder that among many there has been called into existence for the first time that poisonous sense of terror which kills hope and paralyses judgment. It is a feeling never absent in many countries and classes, but for long scarcely present in our own. Security is a primary condition of happiness. The importance of it is known only to those who have lived in unsafe regions of the world. Middle-aged people can look back on dark and anxious weeks in the national history, but there has never been anything quite like this. To get a mass of working men to pull steadily together is a work of tremendous difficulty. It has been achieved on a scale so great as to be quite new. Even now there are few who have not suffered directly or indirectly. But the future is pregnant with calamity and disaster, much of it irretrievable. There are not ungrounded fears of civil war and anarchy, with their atrocities and devastations. These fears will, we believe, be scattered, and, whatever happens, it is best for us to face the facts as frankly and bravely as we may.

I.

The power of Democracy has been manifested on a tremendous scale. Within the last twenty-five years we have often been told that the day of Democracy has come. Lord Goschen prophesied that Democracy would triumph. and would refuse all guarantees. It would be governed by a class, and would work the will of a class. When Mr. Gladstone passed his great Franchise Bill Democracy came really into power. Men saw that Democracy had arrived, that it would be strong, that it would be gifted with enormous strength, and clad in enchanted armour. Since then the people have been in power. but they have not known it. Now they know that they have all the power, and they propose to use it, and to use it for their own ends. Whether they will call themselves Tories or Radicals or Labourists we cannot tell. What we may be sure of is that under any name they will be intent on the same purpose. Nor will it be possible bv artful manipulation to jockey the people out of their power or to disable them from using it. Any such scheme even if it passed, would soon be destoryed in a whirlwind of wrath. Nor is there going to be any substitute for Democray. Every other instrument of power has been exhausted and thrown aside and from the judgment of the people there is no earthly appeal.

Very much may be said and has been said about the evils and the dangers of Democracy. Sir H. S. Maine has summed up the case as effectively as anyone. But while it is easy to criticise Democracy, it is by no means so easy to answer the argument that Democracy is necessarily the righteous form of Government. Can a nation justifiably

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OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, . . North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

Board of Regents:—Rev. H. G. Hill, D. D., Maxton, President; Rev. D. I. Craig, D. D., Reidsville, Secretary; P. M. Brown, Charlotte; W. H. Belk Charlotte; Rev. C. G. Vardell, D. D., Red Springs; J. C. Steele, Statesville; Rev. C. M. Richards, D. D., Davidson; G. W. Watts, Durham; A. M. Scales, Greensboro; Jas. R. Young, Raleigh; Geo. Howard, Tarboro; Robt. Bingham, Asheville; Rev. W. R. Minter, Lincolnton; A. M. Smyre, Gastonia; W. H. Sprunt, Wilmington; Oscar Clark, Clarkton

Thursday, March 28, 1912

The moving picture show is a never ending source of amusement to young people and it therefore behoves all city and town authorities to see to it that all the exhibitions are clean and wholesome, teaching some lesson that leaves a sweet taste in the mouths of our children.

A countryman has only to go to Charlotte and other large towns, to see the picture show on all the leading thoroughfares, and it will amaze him to watch the crowds of children and young people that jam the doors and fill these auditoriums. No doubt many of these shows are harmless, but on the other hand, many of them pander to the taste of such people as gloat over the exploits of Dick Dead-eye; or they give in moving pictures, scenes from a wild and woolly west, that fires the imagination of our boys, and makes of them for the time being embrionic criminals.

The moving picture show, may become a great educator and a force in illustrating great truths, all depends upon the quality of the material wrought into these pictures. Therefore let us see to it that all picture shows are kept strictly under the eyes of the law.

What is advertising? We should say it is making known attractively and forcefully, your wants and needs and telling the people what you have to sell in such a way, as shall create in them, an irresistable desire to buy. Advertising is the silent salesman that brings you in orders and makes your business grow. A large Wholesale Jewish Shoe-house in a large city wanted a salesman, and many young men applied for the job. To all of them he defined his idea of a salesman; he said "Any man can sell almost any other man a pair of shoes if he is barefooted and must have shoes; but a salesman is a man who will take a customer who comes in to buy a pair of pumpsoled Oxfords and sell him a pair of brogans instead, and make him think he wants them."

Advertising creates wants, stimulatesr sales enlarges consumption informs the people. The man in modren days who does not advertise his business, will soon have no business to advertise and the red flag and auctioneer, will soon close him out to the highest bidder. The writer wrote advertising for newspaper long before there was any "school of advertising," where men are taught to write catchy adds. Advertising is not only a great business apart from all other business, but we now have the well established school for advertising; and so important a part does advertising play in the Business World there is now an established organ known as "The Voice" which is the mouth piece of "the associated advertising clubs of America."

There is no paper with even fifteen hundred to two thousand subscribers that it will not pay to advertise in judiciously: for even ing public of five times their subscribtion list and papers that re the smaller papers nave a read present a special cause like our orphanage, are closely read and are an especially attractive medium of reaching the most desirable people in our best towns and neighourhoods.

Yes, advertising is a great business and has come to stay and men who are catering to wants of the public, are not slow to avail themselves of the advantages that are brought to them through judicions advertising.

In theMarch number of "The Reviewof Reviews" is an article on "American Disparagement of the Japanese" and there is a quotation there from President David Starr Jordan of Clark university every word of which we believe to be true.

We do not believe that Japan has any designes upon America or American territory for all her interests at home are of "too strenuous a nature" as Mr. Roosevelt would say; to permit of so large an enterprise as an invasion of the United States.

Japan has taken over Korea, and is responsible for good goveernment there. She has also large interests in Manchuria and is compelled to keep an armed force in that part of China to safe guard her interests.

Japan's war with Russia was a very expensive one, that has burthened even the next geneations with a debt, that will be like a collar around her neck forcing her into peaceful channels.

Then too Japan has a mighty nation ten times her size in population, at her very doors that is in the throes of a mighty revolution, and she has all she ean do, to watch her own interests at home, and to see to it, that the Republican ideas that are revolutionizing China do not over turn Imperial rule in Japan. Every natural interest points to the desirability of peace between Japan and the United States" and if aggitators and traducers can only be kept from meddling we look for a very substantial peace between the two Nations.

The Presbyterian Orphanage.

ITS PAST AT BARIUM SPRINGS.

By WM. LAURIE HILL.

It was in the year 1883 that the Synod of North Carolina took the first active steps toward founding what is now known as The Presbyterian Orphans' Home, located at Barium Springs. With the aid of a few godly women in Charlotte, seconded by Messrs. Geo. E. Wilson and R. B. Alexander a building was secured and a begininng was made under the matronage of Mrs. P. T. Penick. The number of children seeking refuge in this home, with limited room, and resources, the Synod of North Carolina wisely determined to take this feeble Institution under its own management.

The removal from Charlotte to Barium Springs occured January 11th 1891 and the Rev. Robert W. Boyd was called from the pastorate's of Unity, Machpelah and Castanea, to take the Superintendency of the home.

At that time through the active aid of Geo. E. Wilson and a few other liberal souls in Charlotte, an old hotel building that was situated where Rumple Hall now stands, was put in repair and Dr. Boyd moved into it with his own family and twenty five orphan children.

One morning in November 1891 this building was found to be on fire and baffling all efforts to save it, burned to ashes. Brother Boyd nothing daunted, gathered his little flock and sheltered them in Statesville until the Regents could determine what was the best thing to do. This fire sent a thrill of pity into the heart of the church, and men who had done little or nothing before began to loosen their purse strings and it was decided to begin at once a substantial group of buildings, adopting the cottage plan.

The first building erected was "Annie Louise Cottage," the munificient gift of Mr. Geo. W. Watts of Durham, who also built an Infirmary for us, and Mr. H. H. Orr of Charlotte added another ward and called it for his son "the Lewis Orr Ward."

About the time of the building of Annie Louise Cottage another building was undertaken by the Synod and when finished was properly called "Synod's Cottage."

Thus equipped Dr. Boyd once more gathered his family at Barium and the new home took on new life.

Applicants began to pour in and the children came in so fast that 15 girls were temporarily lodged in the Infirmary.

It was positively necessary to build again and the next building erected was our central building which when completed was most appropriately named "Rumple Hall" after our much beloved president Rev. Dr. Jethro Rumple of Salisbury. It was to Dr. Rumple,s efficient presidency, that the home was indebted for much of the growth and prosperity of the Institution during his administration.

With the three buildings and an Infirmary there still was not room, and our Superintendent's heart was often sore and sad at having to turn away so many homeless children. Just then Dr. Rumple came in touch with Mrs. S. P. Lees, a godly woman who had been entrusted with great wealth. Her heart responded to the Orphan's call, and Lee's Cottage was built to house our largest boys.

Next in the order of our building was the Superintendent's Cottage, for hitherto brother Boyd had no home, except, as his own family crowded into one of the cottages: and there was great need for giving him a home that he had so faithfully earned,

When the money for this home came in slowly, it was then (as he frequently does,) brother Geo. W. Watts came forward, and gave one dollar for each dollar the church gave; so it did not take long to house brother Boyd and his family. In 1902 one of our most valued and beloved friends, Mr. J. C. Burroughs of Charlotte, N. C., having been left childless by the death of his only, his well beloved, and accomplished daughter, Mrs. Carrie Burroughs Dula; determined to erect a memorial building to her memory at Barium Springs.

The site was selected and the building was promptly erected, and it stands to-day with art room, library and offices a lasting memorial to the memory of this lovely and gifted woman.

The next building in order was the Alexander Industrial Building, which was undertaken and in of process of building in 1902. This most useful building, the home of Our Fatherless Ones, the Laundry, and Woodshop, was given us by the late S. P. Alexander of Charlotte, N. C. and is a centre of a good deal of activity.

Howard Cottage was the gift of the late Judge George Howard of Tarboro, who built it in 1903 in memory of his noble wife. Anna Stamps Howard who was born and reared in the quaint old town of Milton in Caswell County. Judge Howard achieved success from poverty, and became one of the most prosperous and influential men in the State. His great heart loved his wife, and pitid the orphan; so Howard Cottage stands a memorial to true love and philanthrophy.

The next building erected was Little Joe's Church. It's inspiration was from the heart of little Joe Gilland a boy of eight years of age who died in our home on Sunday morning February 1st, 1905.

This dear little boy used to say, "When I gets a big man I'm going to build a church with a porch to it'" and to this end, he saved his pennies and nickels.

When he died his little purse contained 45 cents and Dr. Boyd took that little purse, and wherever he went, told the story of little Joe, and the money began to come in from old and young to build it. So now we see Little Joe,s Church with two porches to it, standing in the grove, where we worship every Sunday.

We have two other buildings. Round Knob used as a home for the dairyman and fifteen of our boys; and a cottage used as a home for the mechanic of the institution.

We have here outlined our equipment up to the present. And our necessity for further equipment is rendered imperative from the fact, that we have practically no more room for applicants that are asking to be taken in.

This work calls for the steady and libeal support of our church, and in view of the further equipment promised us at the last meeting of Synod. We ask that our people should be as liberal as they can be in affording us the funds needed in this great work.

All remittances should be sent to, Rev. Wm. T. Walker, Supt. and Treas., Barium Springs, N. C.

MEN AND THINGS

Why our Latin American neighbors are so scrappy and illtempered with each other, is really a conundrum. There seems to be a most ungovernable jealousy between the South American States, and they are nearly always in a state of quarrel, if not of war.

Then, there is Mexico our nearest neighbour. One would think that having lived so long side by with us, we would have at least partially Americanized them, but they remain almost as from the beginning, so far as progressive western ideas are concerned: and they seem to have little idea, of the true spirit of self-government. They have large ideas as to license to do as you please, but are limited in their ideas as to the meaning of true liberty. Since Diaz took his strong hand off of them, they seem to be like some of their volcanoes, in a contant state of irruption. And it looks like nothing but a General Bolivar or Santa Anna will do them any good.

Cuba is in a State of perpetual unrest, and it is really a very serious question, as to whether the mongrel population they have there, is capable of self government. They have the Spaniard, the American, the native Indian, the Negro and a raft of mongrels.

What a population out of which to make a harmonious whole.

Democratie and Republican Presidential timber is abundant. Taft represents the Republican Stand-patters: Roosevelt represents the, objective Insurgents; and LaFollette, the regular Insurgents.

The Democrats seem also to be rich in good heart timber. There is Jud Hadrnan of Ohio, Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, Champ Clark of Missouri, and Underwood of Alabama.

"All all! honourable men," and worthy of both nomination and election. Before the frosts of another autumn nip the roses, Some of these men will be nominated and, somebody will be elected president for another four year.

We cannot help having a preference, every body has, and we must say it would give as great pleasure to vote for the only one of them we know personally, and that is Woodrow Wilson.

Continured on third page.

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How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

A black and tan hound, supposed to have come from the direction of Statesville, was seen in the yard of Mr. M. L. Lattiker Sunday. It seems that the dog had been shot at, having the left hind leg broken. The dog bit Mr. Lattiker's and also Mr. W. D. Lippard's dogs. Previous to this it had bitten Mr. P. M. Raymer's and Mrs. Libb Howard's dogs. Mr. Lattiker and Mr. Raymer have killed their dogs and Mr. Lippard expects to kill his dog Monday. Mr. Lattiker succeeded in killing the mad dog while it was in his yard. At this season people should keep a sharp lookout for tramp dogs. Don't let a suspected dog escape.

Mr. McConnaughey and Mr. Perry with farm boys as helpers have been trimming up the campus, and everything begins to look smart. The grass begins to look green, and the campus will soon be a scene of beauty.

George Abbott one of our medium sized boys got his thumb severely mashed on last Friday. George had an idea of trying some improvemeut on the cog wheels to our old gasolene engine, and got his thumb caught in the cogs, mashing the end of it off. We sent him to Statesville and our surgeon soon dressed his thumb, but he lost the end of it. It won't do for inexperience to tamper with machinery, and our mechanical superintendent, Mr. Hall has to keep his eves all about while the smaller boys are around.

We have received good roads circular No, 80 of the N. C. Geolgical and Economical Survey, which gives program of a convention to be held at Spartanburg S. C. Thursday March 28. The program is elaborate and there will be a two days session. For all futher information apply to Joseph Hyde Pratt President Chapel Hill, N. C.

We are much honored by the following letter to which we gladly give place in Our Fatherless Ones. Miss Frances Eufford is the Lady Principal of "The Albemarle Normal and Industrial institute, and has given the best years of her life to instruct the young girls from neglected parts of our State. The Albemarle Institute is doing a great work, and in the years to come, many young women will bless the memory of our friend, Miss Frances E. Eufford. We must lend the institute brother Walsh again some time.

A. N. and I. I. Albemarle, N. C.
March 2I, 1912.

Dear Mr. Hill:

I just wanted to assure you for our Faculty and student-body, how much we all enjoy your paper—"Our Fatherless Ones," and so much more from your having visited us.

Your poem on our Institute was greatly appreciated by all of our girls.

Your visit was also appreciated, and we hope to have you with us again. It was a great pleasure to have Mr. Walsh with us, and his sermons were an inspiration as well as blessinge to us all.

I am going to see if Miss Rupert will not write a little poem for your paper in behalf of your Institution. She is quite a gifted writer of verse.

Wishing for you and all of your workers God's best blessings and with cordial regards from us all.

Yours for His work.
Frances E. Ufford.

Special Communication from The SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Washington, D. C., March 23,—Repetition of the enormous losses sustained by timber owners throughout the South last year because of the destructive pine beetle may be prevented this year if timber owners will simply burn the bark of the dead and dying pines from which the needles have not yet fallen, the burning to be done before May 1st, according to Dr. A. D. Hopkins, who is in charge of the Forest Insect Investigations for the Bureau of Entomology.

"The people of the South have an opportunity to make a final effort, which if properly directed, will go far towards controling this pest," says Dr. Hopkins. "The beetle is now passing the winter in the bark of the dead and dying pines from which the needles have not yet fallen. These trees should be cut down and the bark of the main trunks destroyed by burning before May 1st or the beetles will come out with the warm weather and take up their work of destruction. This object may be accomplished without direct expense by turning the infested trees into cordwood or lumber, but it is essential that this cordwood be burned with the bark on before May 1st and that the slabs of lumber with the bark on be burned before that time. It is only necessary to treat only the dead or dying treos from which the needles have not yet fallen. The dead trees from which the needles have fallen have been abandoned by the beetle and may be disregarded in control operations."

Fearing the danger from the pine beetle is common to the whole South, whose interests it considers identical with theirs, the Southern Railway Company is co-operating with the United States Department of Agriculture in warning Southern timber owners of the threatened danger and how it may be avoided.

Macon, Ga., Mar 21,—Temporary improvements in its local facilities for handling passengers, involving an expenditure of More than $10,000., will be made by the Southern Railway to provide for the comfort and convenience of the great crowds that it will bring to Macon to attend the Twenty Second Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, to be held in this city, May 7th, 8th, and 9th. The improvements will include new baggage rooms, extension of platforms and enlargement of ticket offices, public comfort buildings, and parking place for 60 Pullman cars with complete arrangements for light, water and sanitation, thus furnishing a substantial addition to the hotel facilities of Macon. The location of these cars will be in two blocks of the center of the city and occupants can reach them without crossing any tracks. A large number of parties have already arranged to live in their cars while at Macon. The Southern's passenger station is within one block of Central City Park, in which the Veterans Camp will be located.

Arrangements have already been made by the Southern to run a large number of special trains to Macon from various points throughout the South and it is expected that a number of others will be arranged. Two additional trains each way per day between Atlanta and Macon will be operated May 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, which with the various special trains will allow passengers reaching Atlanta at any hour to secure immediate connection to Macon.

In order to handle the reunion trains with the utmost dispatch, the Southern will have a strong organization on the ground and every detail of service will be given the most minute attention.

MEN AND THINGS

Continued from page two.

One of the saddest happenings we have heard of, is the Collapse of the Parson's Drug Building at Wadesboro N. C. on Wednesday the 20th of March. The building, was undergoing repair and the floor was being lowered to avoid having steps to get into the door.

Almost suddenly the walls began to crack and without warning the whole building collapsed, catching in the debris several customers.

The death of two sisters, misses Marion and Lora Little, and little Virginia Mae Covington the daughter of Dr. J. M. Covington Jr. in this sad accident, has filled the good town of Wadesboro with gloom. Mrs J. M. Covington Sr. was standing beside her little granddaughter and was pinned down by falling timber having her jaw and arm broken. She has been taken to the Sanitorium at Charlotte for treatement. Mr. Will McKinnon formerly of Maxton, one of the managers of the Parsons Drug Co. was in the wreck and we are glad to say escaped serious injury.

Our sympathies go out to the Wadesboro people.

A fine article appeared in 'The Presbyterian of the South "in the issue of March 20th entitle "Presbyterianism in Northeastern Kentucky and in West Virginia."

Two of the leaders in this great work, Rev. W. C. Condit D. D. and Rev. Dr. S. D. Boggs of Cattletsburg Ky. the writer knew well, and they will be acknowledged in the years to come as men who did as much for the Master in that Mountain Country as any other consecrated workers, only excepting our great Mountain Evangelist Dr. Guerrant.

Dr. Boggs was greatly helped in this evangelistic work by Rev. Newton Donaldson who became the pastor of the 1st Church in Huntington W. Va. while the writer lived there more than 20 years ago.

True yoke fellows' they labored in summer time, among those mountain, coves, and their uplifting work will tell throughout the ages.

TARTAN.

Tartan, known as plaid in the United States, is the dress formerly worn by the Highlander. Each clan had a tartan distinct from all others by a difference in colors.

The Gordons, for instance, have a combination of yellow stripes, blue, black and green bars; the Davidsons, red, black and blue stripes and green bars.

There were as many tartans as there were clans, and at the present day between two and three hundred are recorded.

An exchange gives the following history of the tartan:

The tartan was doubtless an outcome of the conditions when war was the regular business of Highlanders, and when a distinctive dress and colorings in harmony with the vegetation and shrub growth of the country was a protection of the clansman. An examination of any tartan will show how well it is adapted to concealment in heather or ferns. Sir Walter Scott puts, with characteristic beauty, this fact before us in "The Lady of the Lake:"

"Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green."

The chiefs of the clans usually had two or more separate tartans, one for everyday wear, one for hunting, one for full dress. A Highlander in full dress wears for a kilt the dress tartan of his clan, a low-cut vest and a short black coat, something like a Tuxedo. The dress tartan is in bright colorings. The tartan which is most generally seen is the Stewart, because it was the dress of the royal house of Scotland. There are very few large dry goods stores in the United States in which some form of the Stewart tartans cannot be found, but the Stewart Royal and Dress Stewart are the most common.

The question is often asked, is the Highland dress worn now in Scotland? Not as an everyday costume, except sometimes by boys, gamekeeyers, and shepherds, and the hereditary chiefs of the clans. Ties of tartan are popular and ladies often wear tartan skirts. On parlor floors, too, one occasionally sees a rug of the family clan tartan. The kilts are still worn by several Highland regiments.

A plaid in Scotland is a rectangular wrap or shawl, which is often but not necessarily so, of tartan, Doubtless the name plaid for tartan in the United States originated in the fact that nearly all Scotch plaids were made of some kind of tartan. The word plaid in Scotland is pronounced plade.—Ex.

"It Costs Only"

A young lady one day went to her pastor and placed on his desk a brass box. A card was pasted on the lid, bearing the inscription, "It costs——."

She asked him to open the box; he found it filled with greenbacks, and when he counted them, the result was $300. 00.

Thereupon she told him to take the whole pile of notes and spend it all for the objects of charity. He looked at her wonderingly, for he knew her family which, although wealthy, was not known for being charitable inclined.

The young lady answered his question this way, "I like to go shopping and to look at nice things. Father provides me with plenty of pin-money, and I may spend as much as I please. Up to last Christmas I never left a store without having bought something. Bargain sales were aspecialty, as it with many other well-to-do people. The legend, 'This article costs only $——to-day,' had a particular attraction for me. Last Christmas, however, I do not know what on a sudden moved me to say to my-self, 'You are foolish, my dear, to spend your money for things you really do not need. There is a better way to get rid of your dollars; give them to those who are poor and needy.' When I got home, I emptied my purse into this box and fastened that card on it. And from that day on until now I put my shopping money into the box before I went down-town. I still look at the things in the show-windows, but the desire to buy them has gone. I am glad to know of a better way to spend money. Now let me have my box again; I shall bring it to you from time to time."

She is doing it, for she is tasting the sweetness of charity.—The Lutheran Witness.

BETTER THAN BEFORE.

A workman made a violin of the finest material obtainable; he used all his skill and experience to fashion it, and when it was finished he was satisfied with his handiwork. He said that it was good. So he sold it to a great musician. And, oh, the melodies the great master brough to life with that violin! How they live and echo and re-in the hearts of all who heard them!

But one day it was broken, utterly crushed to pieces, seemingly hopelessly ruined. The great master, in grief for his treasure, gathered up the scattered fragments and carrying them back to the maker said:

"See if you can mend it, can make it over, for it is useless, broken, emptied of all melody."

The old maker shook his gray head but answered kindly, "Leave it with me. I will do what I can."

Summoning all of his cunning to his aid he took the instrument apart, and made the violin over from the very foundation.

When the great master received his violin again from the er, he put it against his shoulder, laid his bearded cheek against it and drew his bow across its strings, and oh, the wonderful melodies that it gave!

Entranced he played on and on, forgetting that the sunlight was going, forgetting the world which throbbed about him while the violin cried and laughed and sang and moaned and sighed under the master's bow, and the twilight settled over the little room. The grizzled old violin-maker waited in the shadows to know what the master thought of his violin.

Suddenly he stopped.

"What do I think?" he shouted joyfully, "Think! why, man, it is better than before—more wonderful—far more perfect!"

So God made man. But man fell and was broken—crushed to the earth with sin. No longer in "tune with the Infinite," emptie dof all melody.

But he took his poor broken life back to the great Maker of Life—to "the only wise God our Savour." With all of the skill of the triune God He took the broken fragments of man and made him over and when He had refashioned him— a new man in Christ Jesus—all men and the angels of Heaven—yea the whole universe cried, "He is betten than when at first you formed him! More wonderful! More perfect!"—Illustration from recent sermon by Dr. D. A. Planck.

"The Vacuum," said a student in one of our large institutions of higher education, "is a large empty space in which the Pope resides."

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The Corner for Smiles

An American, while ridign through the heart of London on top of a 'bus, heard amid the noise and clatter of the crowded street the bells of Westminster ringing.

Turning to Foley, his Irish friend, he said: "Don't those bells remind you of some pastoral New England village?" Foley said: "I can't hear you Jim."

The American repeated: "Those bells! Don't they recall some old New England village, when you were a youth, going to chtrch, of a quiet Sunday morning?" "I can't quite catch you, Jim," was Foley's reply.

"Why, I said those bells ringing! Don't they bring back to you quiet country lanes, green fields, and nooks, and make you feel better toward all the world?"

Foley, putting his hand to his mouth and leaning over close to his friend's ear, shouted. "Those bells, Jim. are making such a noise that I can't hear what you're saying!"

"I thoughtt hat in the fifteenyears of my practise of medicine," said a physician, "I had answereb almost every possible 'fool' question but a new oue was sprung on me recently. A young man came in with an inflamed eye, for which I perscribed medicine—to be dropped into the eye three times a day. He left the office, but returned in a few minutes, poked his head in the doorway, and asked: 'Shall I drop this in the eye before meals or after?'"

Lincoln Steffens, the well-known writer, believes in free speech—the right to say anything, any time, and anywhere. And he has organized a club to that effect.

A short time ago Mr. Steffens made a speech advocating his theories. At the end he invited those who would to join his "Free Speech Club." Only one man accepted the invitation.

He said: "I'd like to join your club long enough to tell you what I think about it.

The propreitors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills contai'ning the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been colleged, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday, Number first."

A SENSIBLE NOBLEMEN

TheEarl of Tankerville and his wife, who was Miss Leonora Van Marter, are on a visit to this country for the purpose of placing their son and heir, Lord Ossulston, fourteen years old, in an American school. The youth is in a preparatory school in Boston, and is known there as plain Charles Bennett. When prepared he will enter an American university. After one year at Eaton. Lord Tankeville decided that his son needed the kind of an education the universities in this country afford. The Earl said to a representative of the press in New York: "Your young men in America work. I want my son to work and I particularly want him to grow up in an atmosphere where work is not regarded as something to be ashamed of. He will inherit about 31,000 acres from me and he must learn how to manage and conserve this estate. If the House of Lords is in existence when my son succeeds me, I want him to be a helpful member of that body. With the propaganda Lloyd-George is butting through it begins to look as if English peers will have to take off their coats and chop wood. That wouldn't be a bad thing, either, for the peers. All a father can do for his boy is to give him a fair chance, and that's what I'm doing for my lad. I want him to be equipped to face whatever the future may bring in England, whether it be revolution or a gradual leveling upward of all classes of society. We are growing to look up more and more to the man and less to the title." This nobleman spoke very sensibly. Some sons of the rich in this country, as well as in England, think it unnecessary and degrading to work, and not all parents are not wise enough to hammer better sense into their heads. His tribute to the value of our educational system and our democratic institutions in the preparation of young manhood for the largest usefulness is just. His recognition of the relation of hard work to earthly success, and to the development of the best manhood and mastery, is wise, The industry the Earl counts so necessary to his son; who is to inherit over 30,000 acres of land and a lordship in a great empire, is thus referred to by the wise man:

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread, the hand of the diligent shall bare rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute. (Prov. 12:11, 24.)

A WANDERING BIRD.

reconciled to her absence, and quite unconscious that there was any rift in the lute of her life, did nothing but talk about Georgie all the way, and say how splendid a thing it was that they had got her.

"I'm sick to death hearing about Georgie Bains, father," she said at last, with such a snap in her voice that her father turned to her in surprise.

"I don't think your manners have mended since you left home, Ruth, and I don't know what for you want to jump on your Cousin Georgie; she's a sight too kind to you, as we've all been."

"I didn't mean to be nasty, but I'm tired, father," explained Ruth, rather ashamed of herself. "You don't know what it's like to get too little sleep, and have the terror of things on you all the time."

Lester pondered on these words, and when he got home he remarked to his wife and Georgie that he didn't think Ruth was finding the hospital "all beer and skittles," as he expressed it. Then he sat down with great content to his game of patience.

One night, about three weeks later, just before her day off was due, the door opened suddenly and Ruth walked in. She had a bright red spot on her cheeks and a rather determined light in her eyes.

"I've come home for good," she said calmly. "Yes, I've run away. I simply couldn't stand it any longer. You're not a human being there; you're just a thing wound up to do so much. I'm not going back."

A little dismay was visible in their demeanour, and, as usual. it was Mary Lester who poured oil on the troubled waters.

But it upset the orderly quiet of a house that had set itself into a delightful groove, and Georgie Bains, beholding the prospect of her refuge slipping from her, did not close an eye all night. Lester and his wife talked long before they slept, and arrived at a decision. They would not say anything to Ruth for a few days, realising that she must have time to recover from her nervous strain. They also privately completely reassured Georgie Baines. Ruth who had expected nothing but that she would slip into her old place, found herself supplanted on every side. Her niche was filled. Georgie though nearly as old as her mother, was now the daughter of the house, and such a cheerful, capable, delightful daughter that she could not possibly be done without. It was Ruth who was now superfluous. After one straight talk with her father, she went back to the hospital. made her peace with the matron, and set her face in earnest to the business of nursing. And in the end she became quite a capable nurse, one whom people were glad to welcome into their homes.

But, given her choice, she would have stayed at home after her first trial of it. Like many another wandering bird, she learned to appreciate, too late, the value and the comfort of the nest.

THE MASSING of THE MASSES

delegate a duty which properly fall on itself? The root idea of Democracy is that the moral right is with the people, that it is they who ultimately posses the world, and that their betters in wealth, or in learning, or in wisdom have the privilege of advise and nothing beyond it. In any case, Demos is not going to abdicate. What he has gained by longlabour and travail he is resolved to keep. He was never so fully conscious of his own strength and right as he is today.

To be continured.

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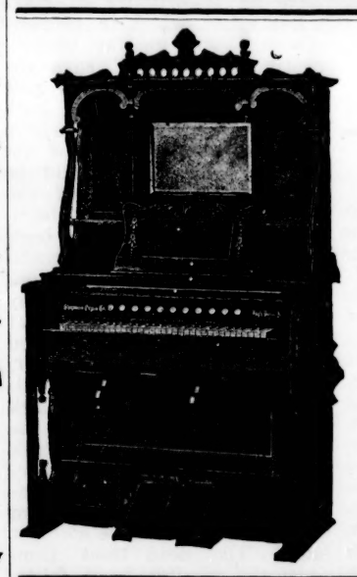

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